



MARVEL
COMICS

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BY THE
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CODE
AUTHORITY

THE NEW MUTANTS

**INTRODUCING
THE LETHAL
DEADPOOL™**

**-- THE MYSTERIOUS
GIDEON --**

**-- AND THE DYNAMIC
DOMINO!™**

02
71486 02207 7

CHILL OR BE CHILLED

Like, ever been board to death, dude? Well here's a chilling fact.

Ultra's® *Ski or Die*™ for Nintendo® puts you and five buddies in the middle of a gnarly, yet nasty snow sport spectacular where it's survival of the fastest. And the raddest. And the baddest.

Weave your way through a log-jammed chute in the Snowboard Half Pipe. Jump and jive in the Acro Aerials. Test your slope slicing skill when you do the Downhill Blitz. Play a frosty version of dodgeball called the Snowball Blast. And join a rubberized race of nerves in the Inner Tube Thrash. But beware! This Winter Wonderland is crawlin' with unnatural hazards like punk penguins, chain saw toting rabbits and bodacious polar bears.

If you're not iced by Iglooheads or lowlife Lester, try blinding the judges with your brilliant backflips, ollies, hand plants and daffies. Hot-dog it in competition or polish your act in practice. Just try to stay alive through the wild tubular warfare. Or your snowboard career will be frozen in time.

ULTRA
GAMES



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A VERY SECLUDED
ROOM IN A VERY
SECLUDED MOUN-
TAIN CHALET IN
VALE, COLORADO.
8:22 A.M. DE-
CEMBER 3.

INITIATE ATTACK
SEQUENCE, PLEASE.

OH, AND ADAM,
OL' CHAP, MAKE IT
A RANDOM
PATTERN.



EVER AS
YOU WISH,
MASTER
GIDEON...

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...THOUGH I MUST WARN YOU--THE COMBAT MODULES BEING EMPLOYED ARE THE VERY BEST SHAW INDUSTRIES HAS TO OFFER.

WHOOPEEDOO.

ADAM--
TAKE A
MEMO--
"DEAR
SEBASTIAN..."

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

Part One

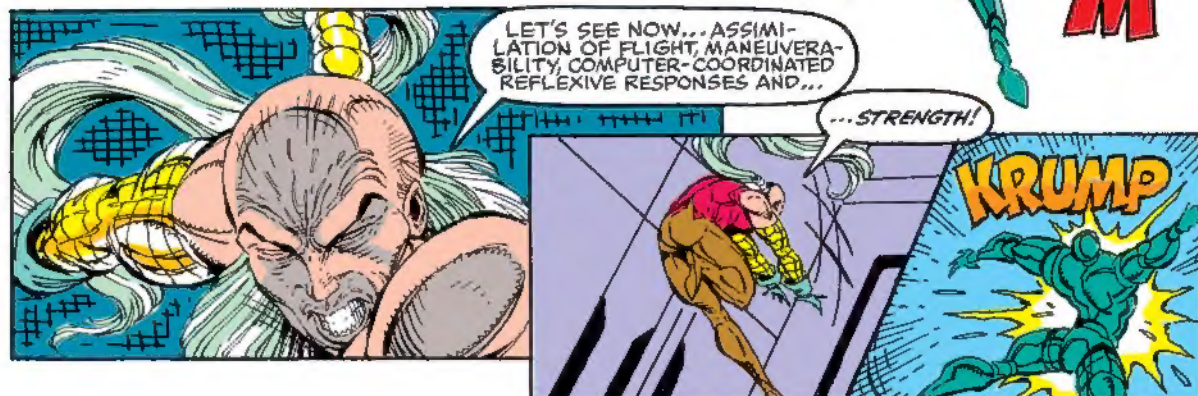
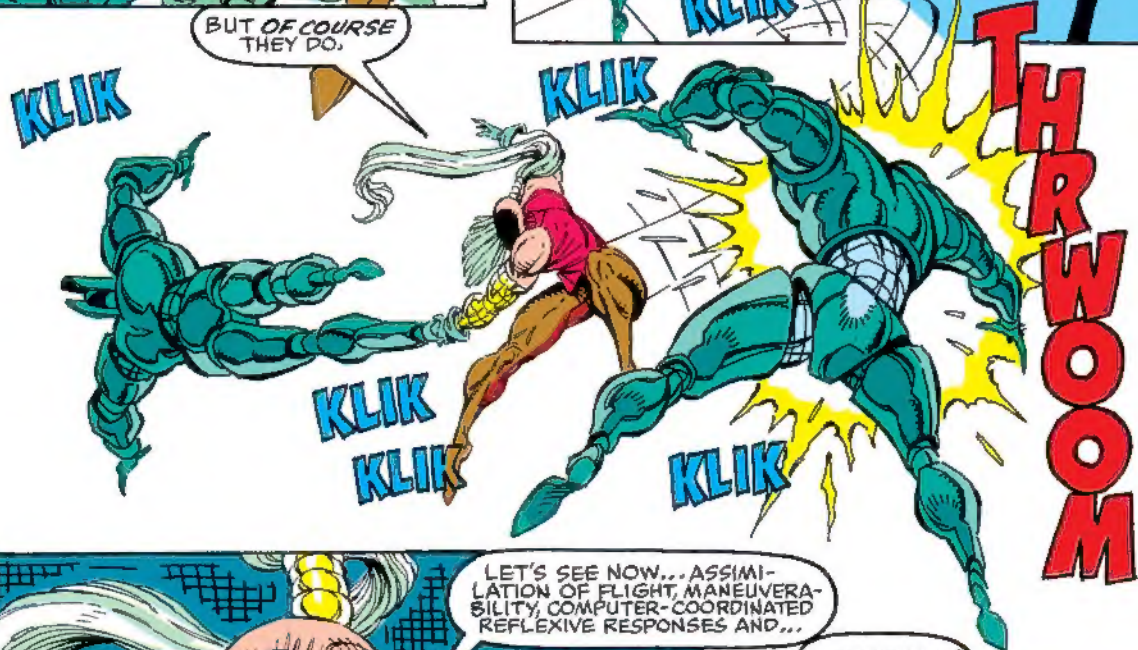
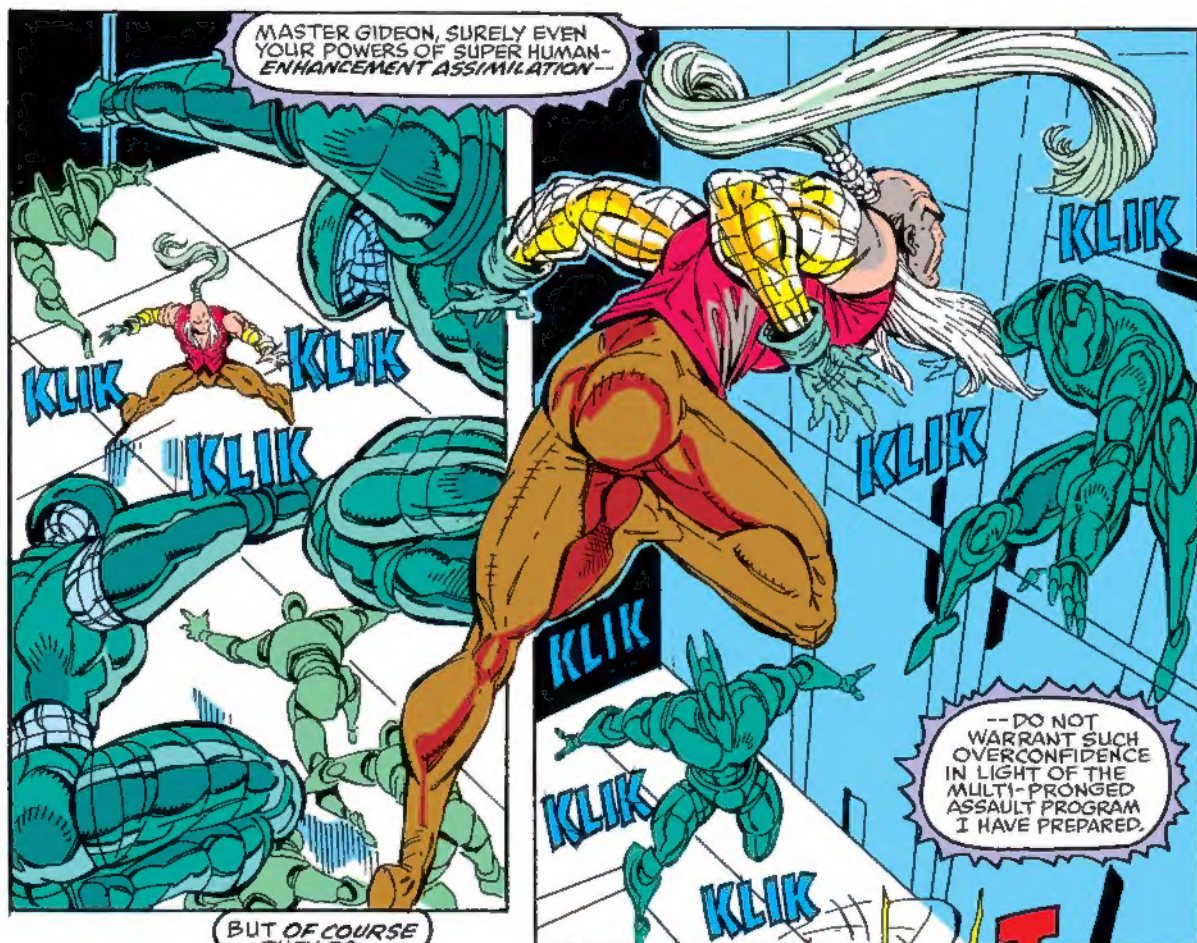
STAN LEE PRESENTS

THE END OF AN ERA!!

...FOR THE MONEY I AM PAYING...
...I WOULD PREFER IF YOU WOULD MAKE THESE LITTLE TIN DARLINGS...
...A LITTLE QUIETER...

EVER YOURS, GIDEON."

ROB LIEFELD Plate Art
FABIAN NICIEZA Script
JOE ROSEN Letters
S. BUCCELLATO Colors
BOB HARRAS Caretaker
TOM DEFALCO Beginning, Middle and End

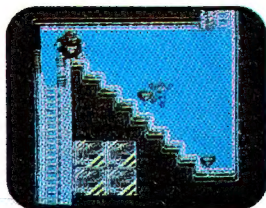




MegaMan[®] 3. Anything else you need to know?



*You'll slide through secret
tunnels to avoid
bulldozing robots.*



*It's hard to top TopMan's
dangerous spins.*

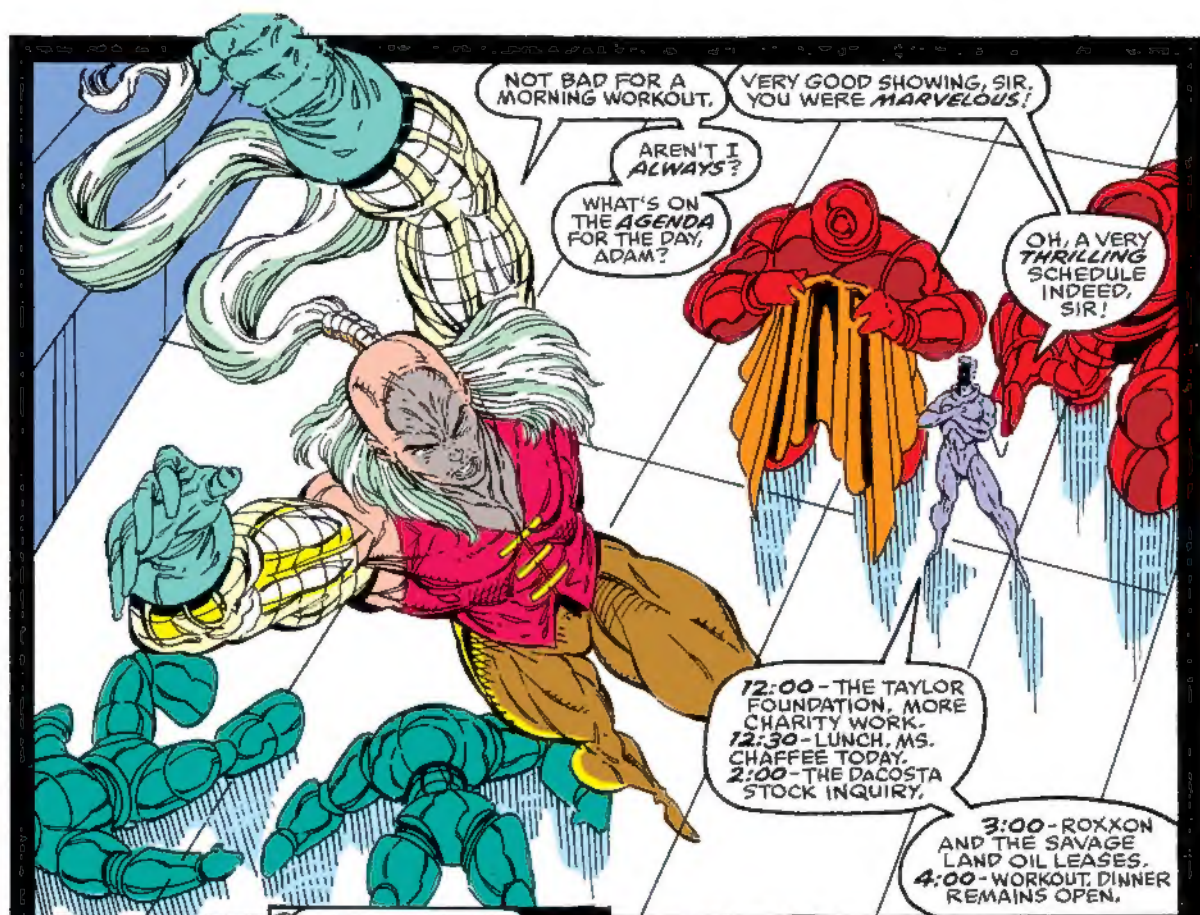
SnakeMan, HardMan, GeminiMan, MagnetMan, NeedleMan, ShadowMan, SparkMan and TopMan. They're the eight new robotmasters in MegaMan 3. Defeat them all and you'll still have Dr. Wily to deal with. And possibly even a few of your old enemies from 1 and 2. Okay, now the only question that remains is how fast you can get to the store and get 3.

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USA

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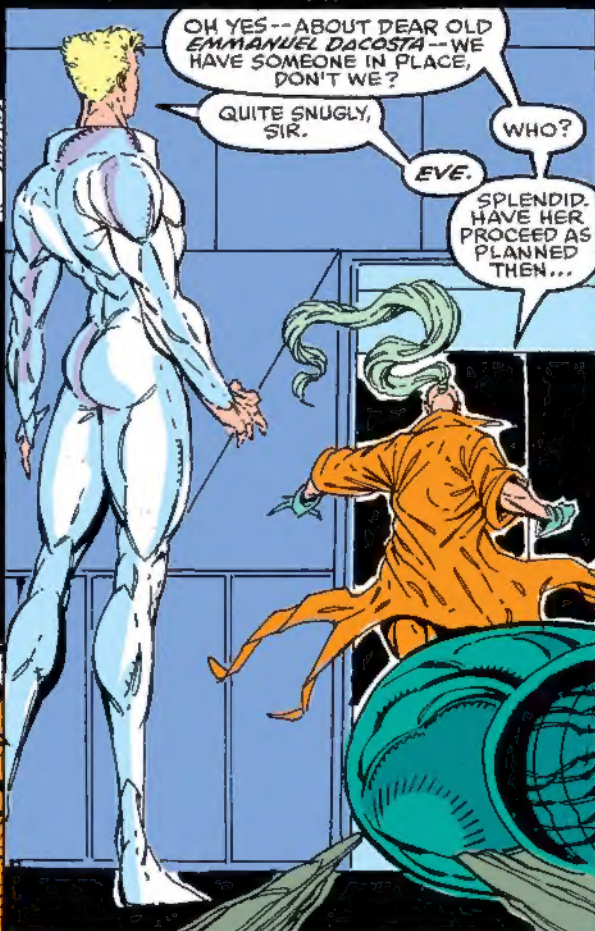
HAVE THE JET PREPARED. HOW DOES NEW ORLEANS SOUND? I'M IN THE MOOD FOR THE BLUES AND CRAYFISH.



OF COURSE, SIR, WILL MS. CHAFFEE BE ACCOMPANYING YOU?



LET'S SEE HOW LUNCH GOES, EH?



You know they can play. What else do you know?



Set playoff record for points against which team?



Led the league in assists which season?



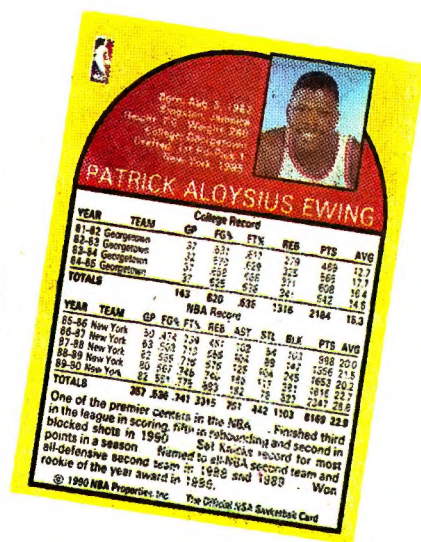
What's his nickname?



Led what school to an NCAA title?



Scored his most points in what season?



What is Patrick Ewing's uniform number?

Want the answers to these and a million other questions about the NBA? Just pick up NBA HOOPS, the Official Trading Cards of the NBA. There are over 300 fact-filled NBA HOOPS cards in this year's collection. Get them all, and there's hardly an NBA question you can't answer!



For the answers to the questions on this page, send your name and address to
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NBA HOOPS

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A VERY SECLUDED ROOM IN A VERY SECLUDED BUNKER UNDERNEATH WHAT IS LEFT OF A VERY SECLUDED MANSION IN WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK 9:12 A.M. DECEMBER 5.

A WORKOUT SESSION IN THE DANGER ROOM IS BEING CONDUCTED BY THE NEW MUTANTS' COMMANDER, CABLE AND THEIR FIELD LEADER, SAM GUTHRIE.

ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T NEED A HAND, SIR?

VERY.

OKAY. HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF AH GET INTO IT FOR MY OWN SAKE THEN...

CANNONBALL-- I TOLD YOU NOT TO--

--LEND YOU A HAND, AH'M NOT, I'M JUST DOIN' WHAT AH'M HERE FOR-- PRACTICIN' TO PERFECT MY MUTANT ABILITIES. THAT'S THE LINE, AIN'T IT?

YEAH... THAT'S THE LINE... FINE THEN...





Over 18,000 years ago many of the men in China dedicated their life to the study of philosophy. And then applied it to a war to end all wars.

The country was plagued by a bandit hoarde known as the Yellow Scarves. Who amassed a power no one had yet to conquer. Fact is, no one could assemble a force strong enough to destroy them.

In *Destiny of an Emperor*, your challenge is to change the course of history forever. For the good of China. And the world.

This full scale, role playing adventure game for the Nintendo System will put you deep in the throes of that war.

The action is as real as it gets thanks to the discovery of authentic documents detailing the era.



Characteristics of 180 warlords have been simulated based on the renowned text of Sanquozhi Yanyi.

Even 20th century strategists are destined to spend hours, even days on each game. And when you take a break to philosophize on your next action (if you can pull yourself away) you

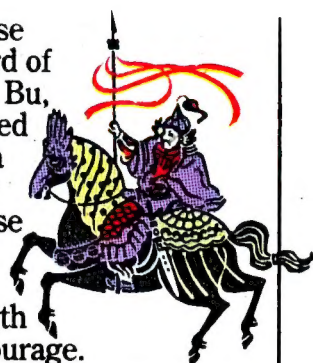
**Conquering
this game
will take you
centuries.**

can actually save up to three histories exactly where you've left off.

You can put yourself in the place of Liu Bei, dedicated to raising an army for the restoration of the dynasty. Or Guan Yu, an exceptionally skilled warrior, match for a thousand soldiers and worshipped as a god.

But no matter who you are, it will be hard to win the war against Zhang Jao, the deadly leader of the Yellow Scarve rebels and founder of the Tai Ping sect. Not to mention the most feared

Chinese warlord of all, Lu Bu, destined to be a traitor because of his great strength and courage.



You'll use every strategic cell in your brain to fulfill your constant requirements for weapons, food and manpower. You'll give important commands that could mean your life, and the life of your armies. And in true Chinese tradition, you'll engage in battle again and again to defend your honor. An honor certified by an oath signed in blood.

When all is said and done, there will be room for only one Emperor. Whether or not that will be you is your destiny alone.

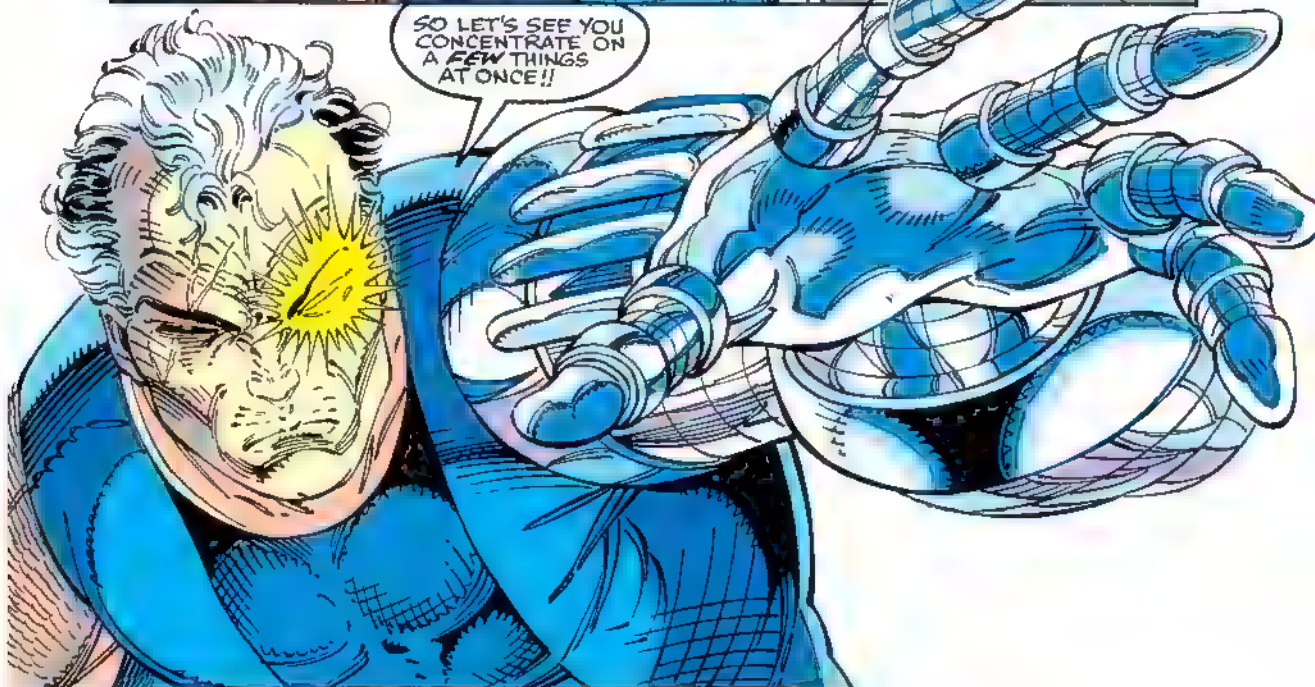
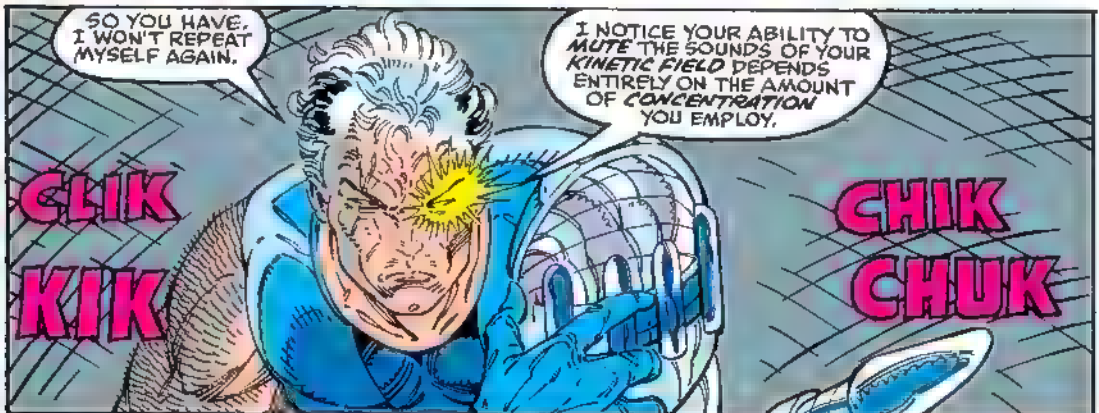


In the mountains, rebels await behind every tree.



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REPTYL™



MEPHISTO™



FIRELORD™



EMPEROR™

**SILVER
SURFER™**

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Nintendo
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SYSTEM®

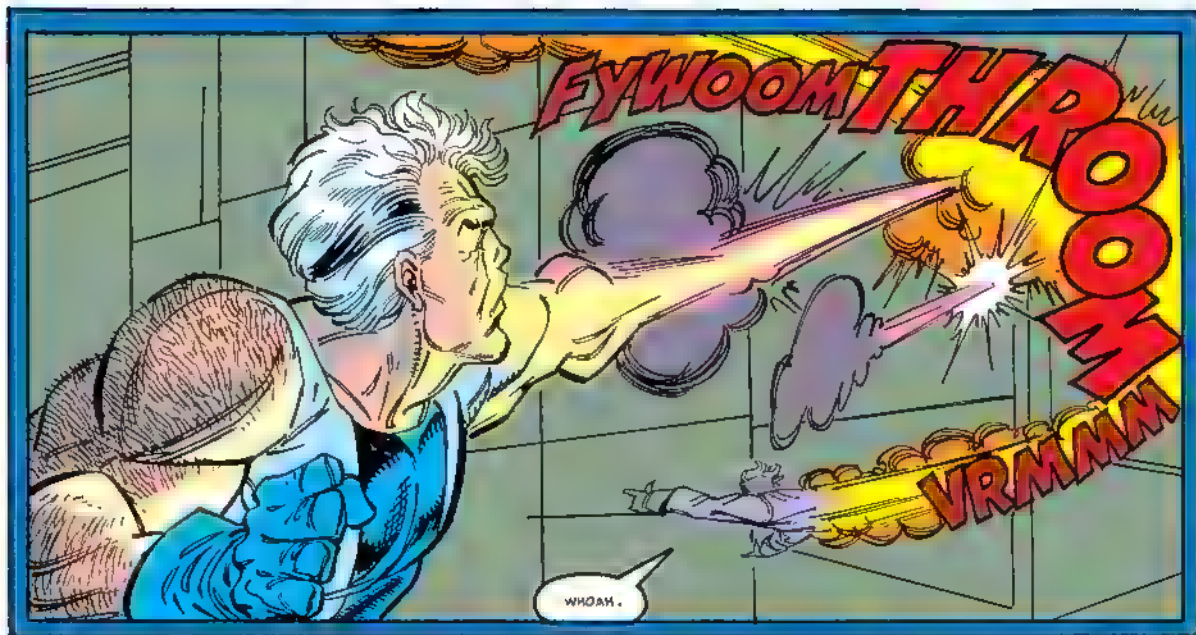


RIDING AN AWESOME WAVE OF 3 MEGA FIREPOWER!

The non-stop action of this high-energy, inter-galactic battle game will challenge all of your combat skills. With 12 levels of outrageous game play, amazing graphics, music and radical sound effects, it's the hottest game in the galaxy!

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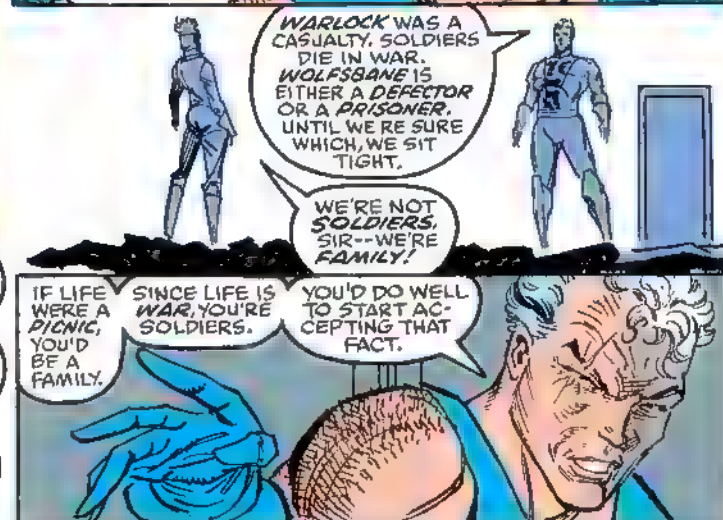
AH COULDN'T DO IT.

AH AVOIDED YOUR ATTACK, BUT AH COULDN'T TURN DOWN THE VOLUME ON MY BLAST FIELD AT THE SAME TIME.

BY THE WAY, WHAT'S WITH THE NEW "ARMAMENT?"

IT WAS TIME FOR SOME IMPROVEMENTS.

AND YOU DID WELL, SAM.

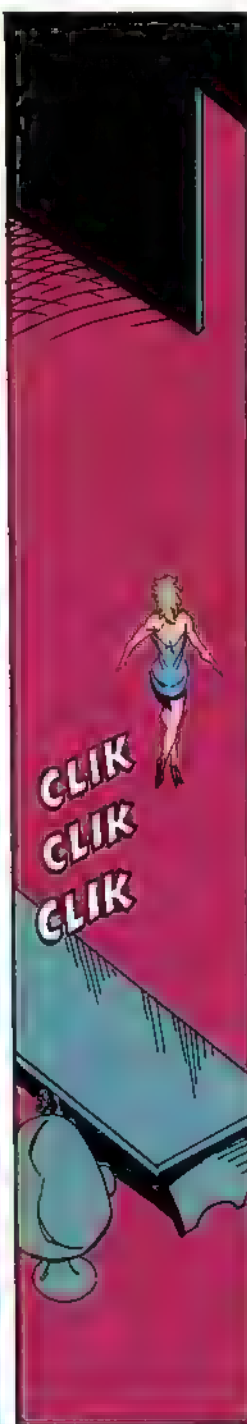
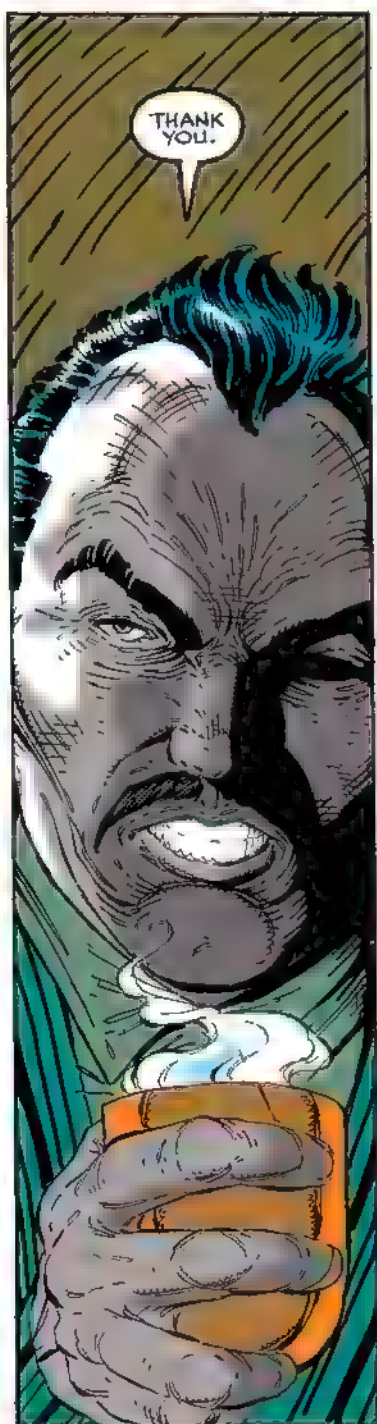
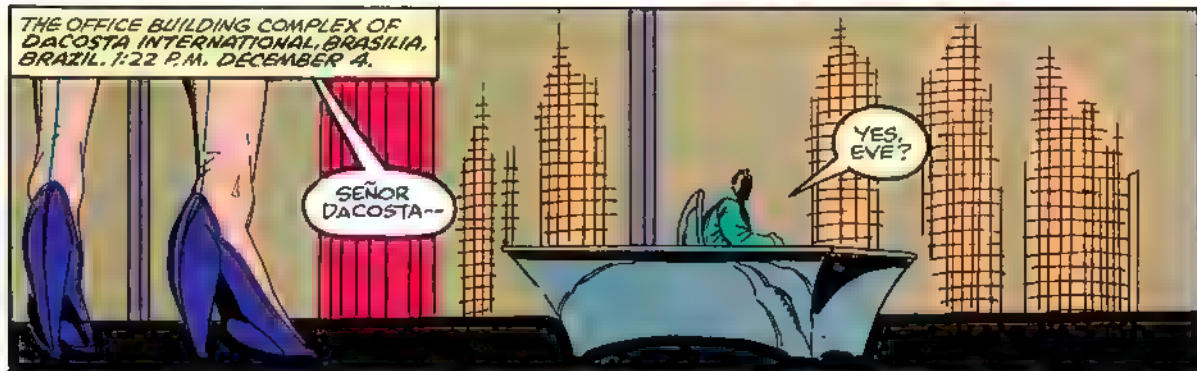


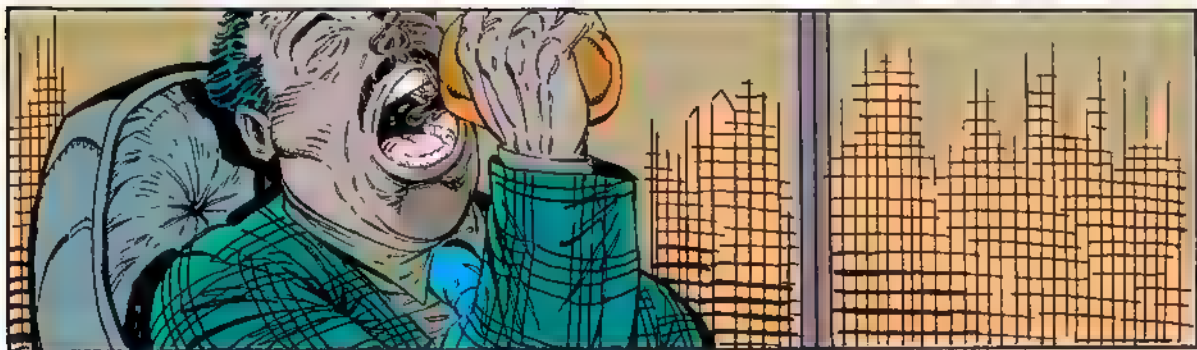
LEARNING TO TONE DOWN YOUR FIELD IS STEP ONE.

STEP TWO WILL BE TO EXPAND IT OUTWARD AS A PROTECTIVE DEFENSE.

IT WOULD BE A GREAT ASSET TO THE TEAM.

THE OFFICE BUILDING COMPLEX OF
DACOSTA INTERNATIONAL, BRASILIA,
BRAZIL. 1:22 P.M. DECEMBER 4.





THE SUB-BASEMENT
OF THE X-MANSION,
THE NEW MUTANTS'
BUNKER, 2:45 P.M.,
DECEMBER 5.

TRY A GAS OVEN..YEAH..OR
EATIN' A LIVE GRENADE..THAT
OUGHTTA DO IT..OR WALKIN'
THROUGH EAST L.A..HMMM..OR--

WHAT'RE YOU
SAYIN'--IT WOULD
BE SUICIDE?

THAT'S
THE PICK,
RIC!

DON'T
YOU SEE,
BOOM-BOOM--
I DON'T
CARE!

WE HAVE TO DO
SOMETHING! IT'S
BEEN WEEKS SINCE
WE LEFT RAHNE IN
GENOSHA! SHE'S
FAMILY-- WE CAN'T
IGNORE HER!

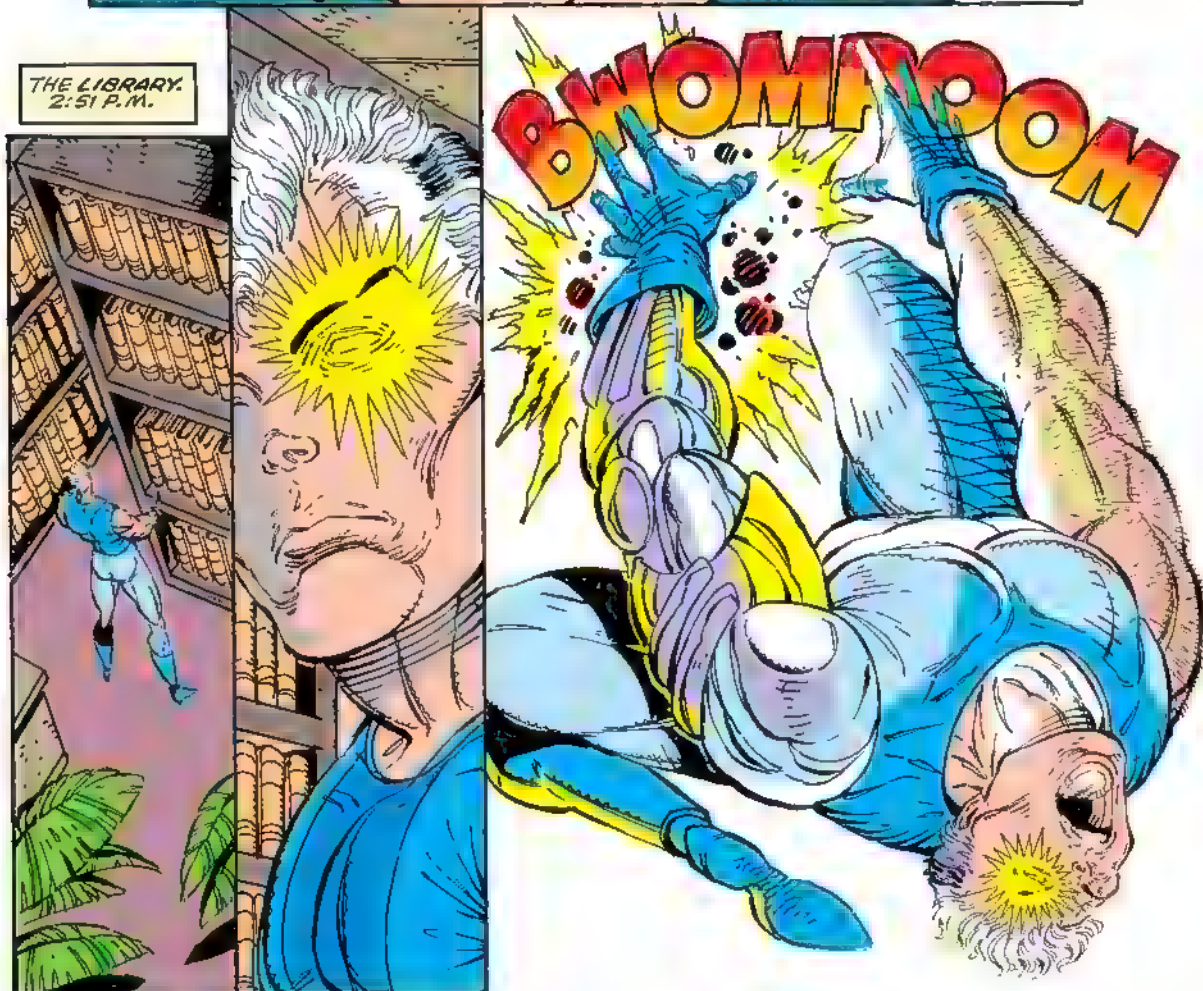
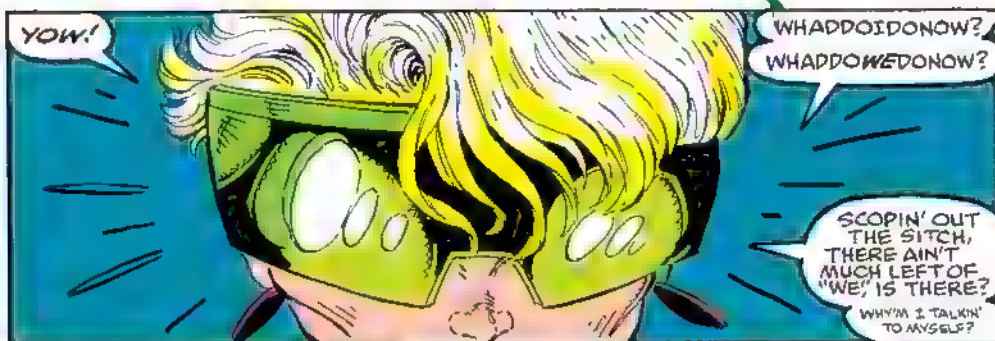
YEAH, MAYBE, BUT WHAT'S
RICTOR THE POST-PUBE
EARTHQUAKE GONNA DO?
IT WAS HER CHOICE TO
STAY THERE!

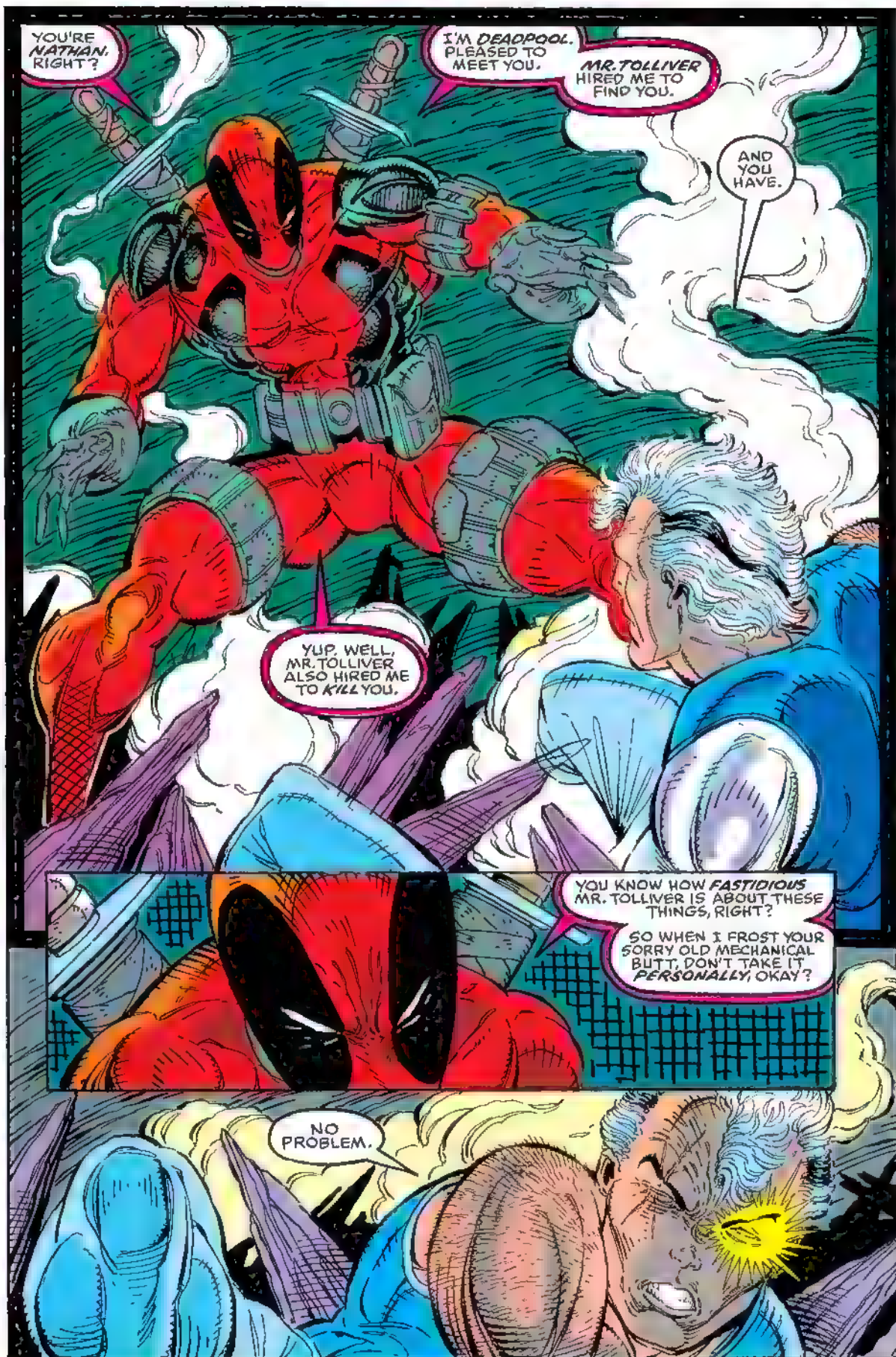
WE CAN'T BE SURE OF THAT! ALONE,
MY POWERS MAY NOT BE ENOUGH
TO HELP HER-- BUT WITH YOUR
HELP, MAYBE--

MAYBE WHAT? I MAKE A FEW
TIME BOMBS? PUT A FEW POT-
HOLES IN THE GENOSHAN HIGHWAY
SYSTEM, MAYBE WRECK A QUIK
CHEK HERE N' THERE--

--THEN
WE BOTH
END UP
GETTIN'
KILLED!

I'LL TAKE
A SLIDE
ON THAT,
OKAY?





YOU'RE
NATHAN.
RIGHT?

I'M DEADPOOL.
PLEASSED TO
MEET YOU.

MR. TOLLIVER
HIRED ME TO
FIND YOU.

AND
YOU
HAVE.

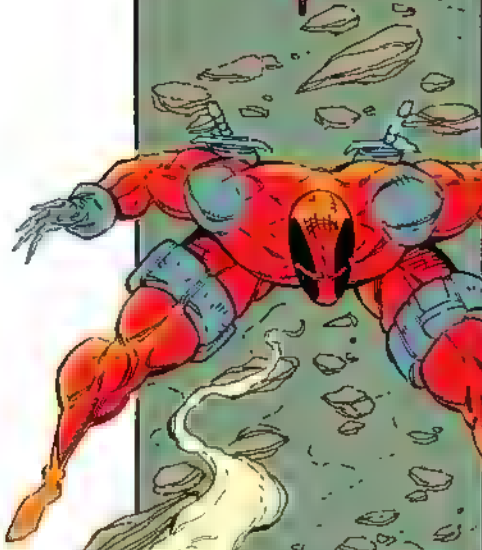
YUP. WELL,
MR. TOLLIVER
ALSO HIRED ME
TO KILL YOU.

YOU KNOW HOW *FASTIDIOUS*
MR. TOLLIVER IS ABOUT THESE
THINGS, RIGHT?

SO WHEN I FROST YOUR
SORRY OLD MECHANICAL
BUTT, DON'T TAKE IT
PERSONALLY, OKAY?

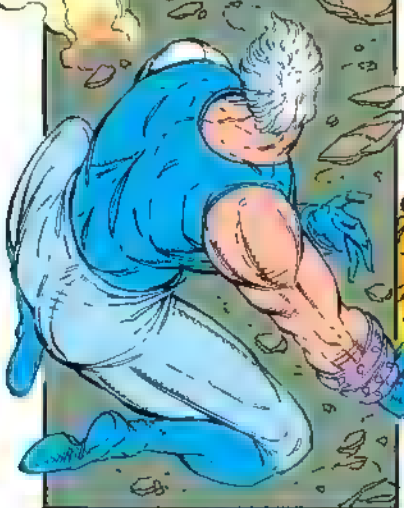
NO
PROBLEM.

YUP, MR. TOLLIVER SAID
YOU WERE A COLD ONE
AND HE WAS RIGHT.

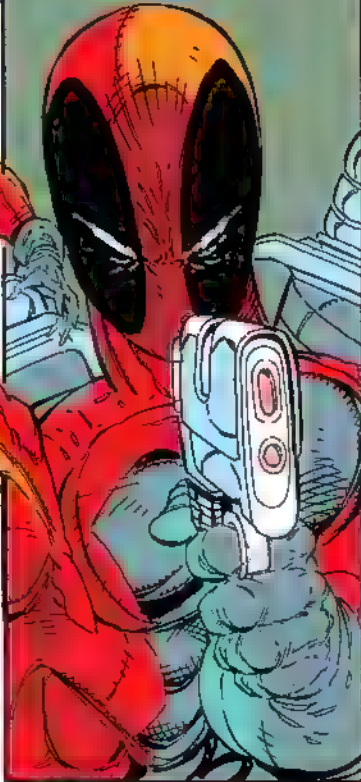


MR. TOLLIVER
SAYS A LOT OF THINGS.

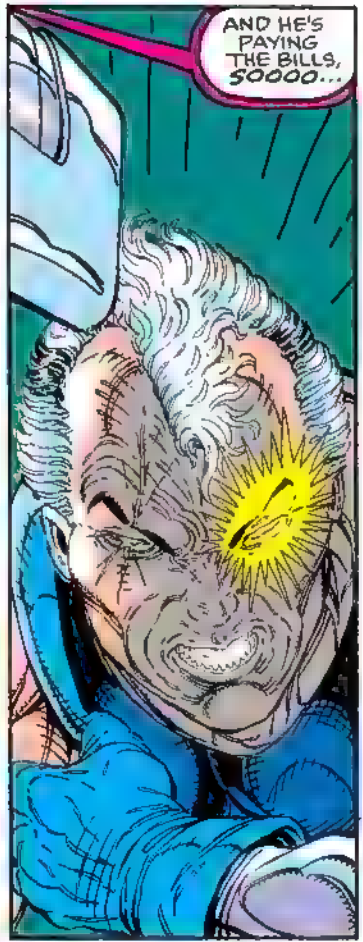
THAT'S WHAT
GOT HIM INTO
TROUBLE TO
BEGIN WITH.



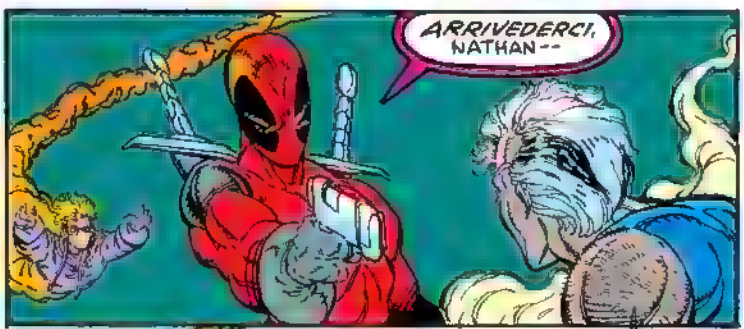
THAT'S NOT HOW ~~HE~~
SEES IT. HE BLAMES
YOU FOR WHAT WENT
DOWN.



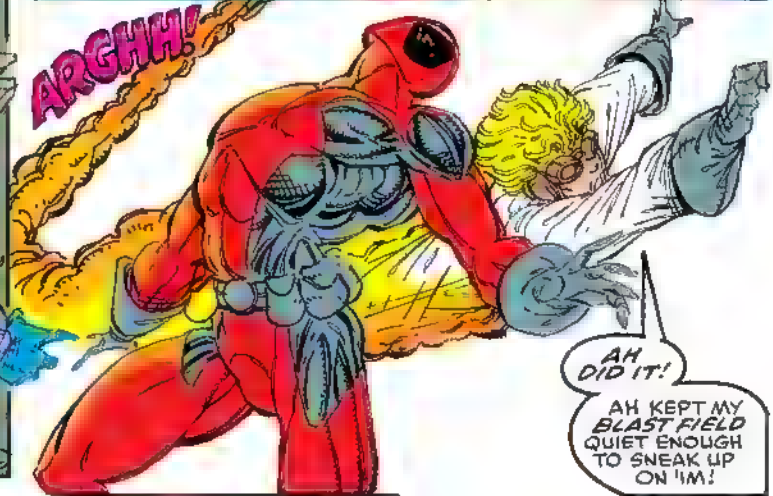
AND HE'S
PAYING
THE BILLS,
50000...



ARRIVEDERCI,
NATHAN--

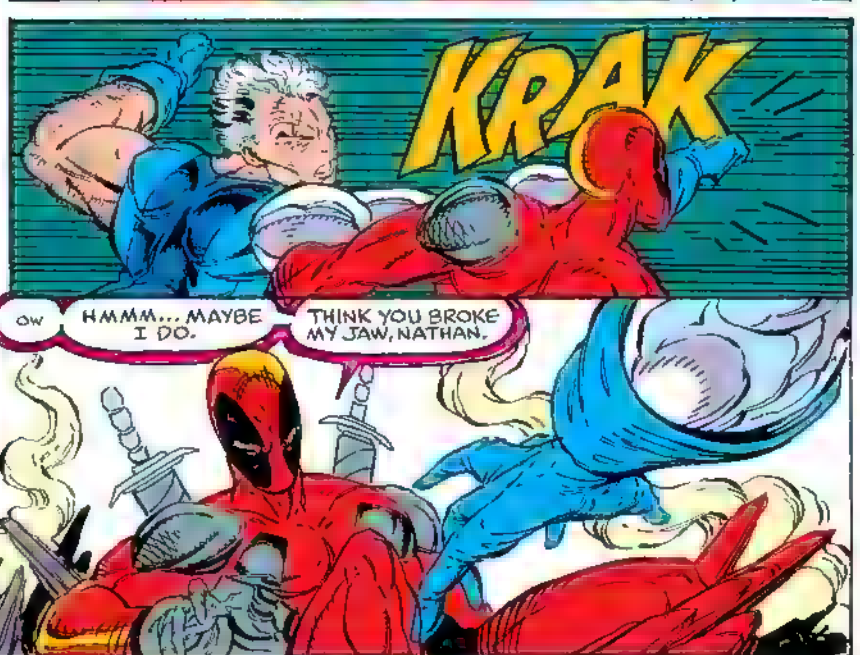
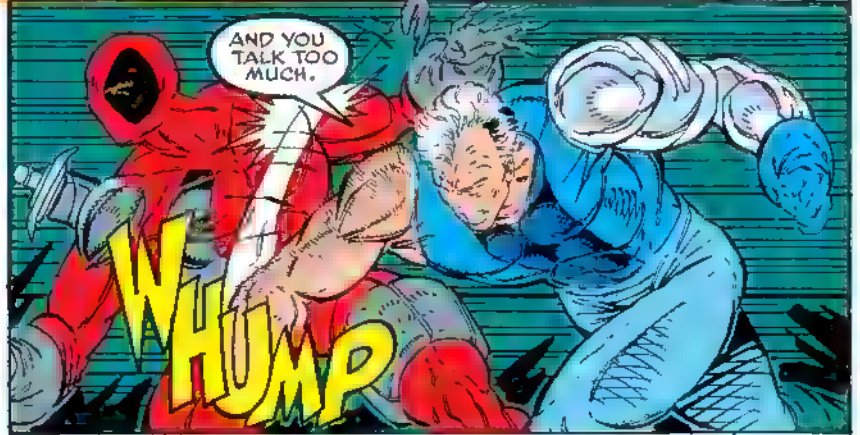
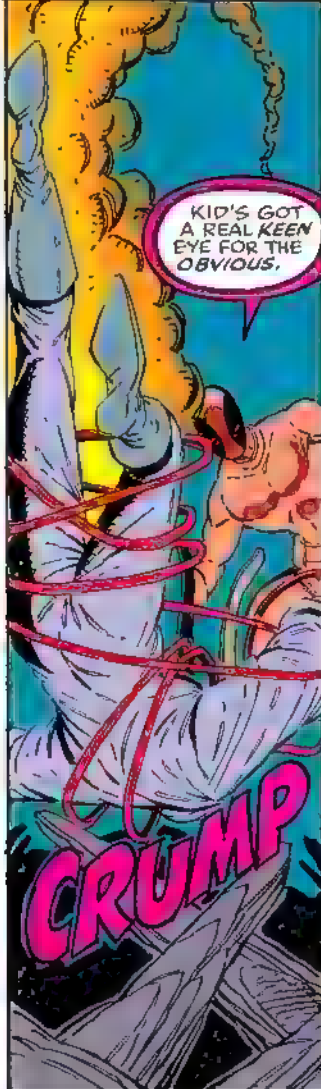
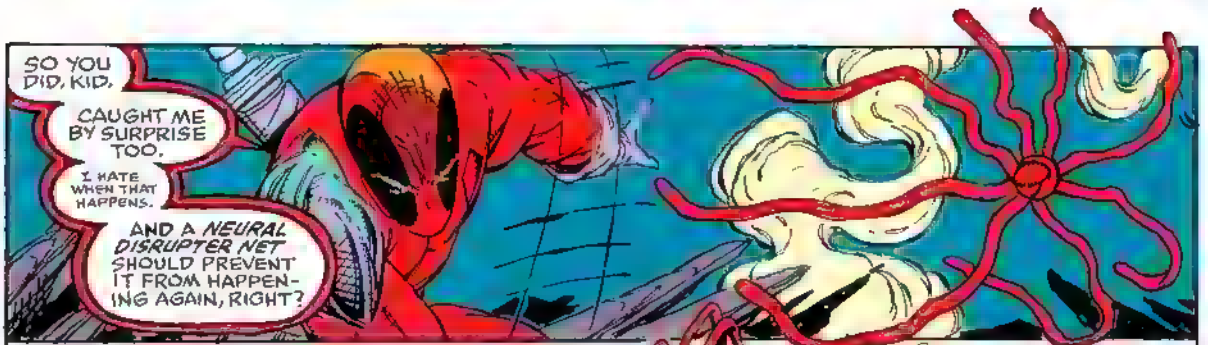


ARGHH!



AH
DID IT!

AH KEPT MY
BLAST FIELD
QUIET ENOUGH
TO SNEAK UP
ON 'IM!





Have a Monster of a Good Time.

Enter the DUNGEON![®] game.

A romp'em, stomp'em, roaring good time of monster bashing, dungeon crawling and treasure collecting.

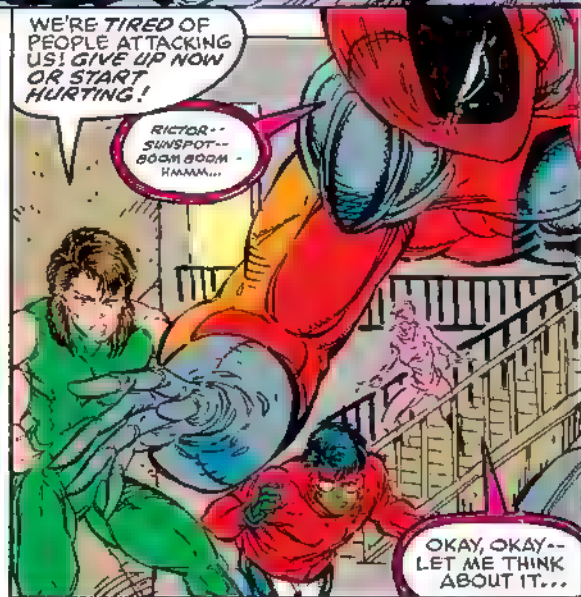
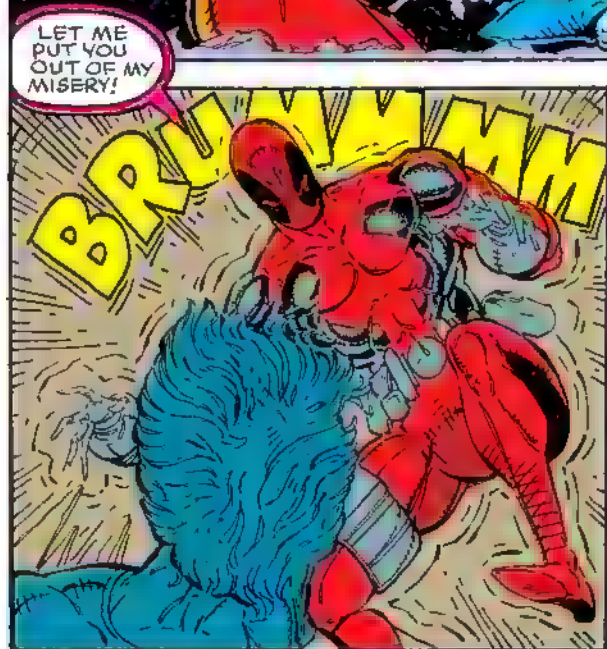
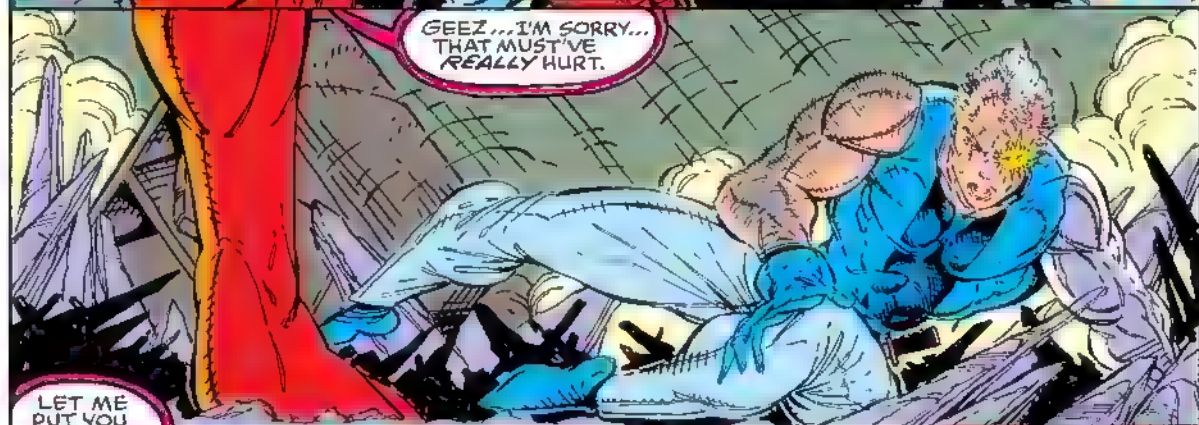
Explore the depths of the dungeon on your fantastic journey of mystery and suspense while you search for hidden treasure. Use your powers and skills to avoid secret traps and fearsome creatures. As a dwarf, elf, warrior, magician, cleric, or fighter on a perilous quest, you'll battle the forces of evil to find the treasure, win the game or ... just survive.

Start your journey today. The DUNGEON![®] board game can be found clinging to the shelves of a toy or hobby store in your neighborhood.

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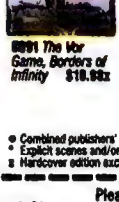
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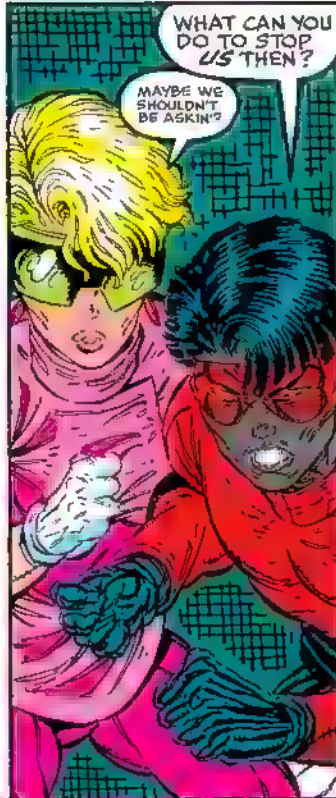
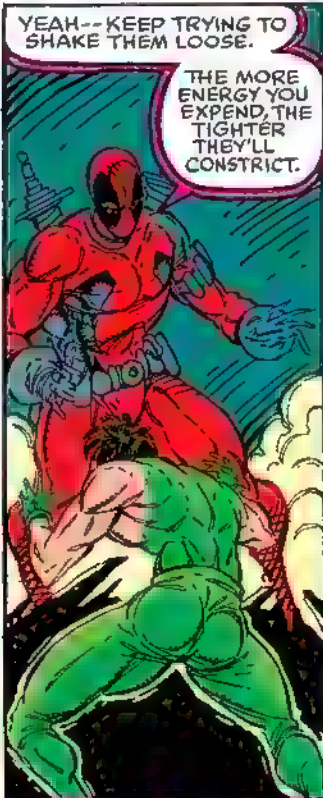
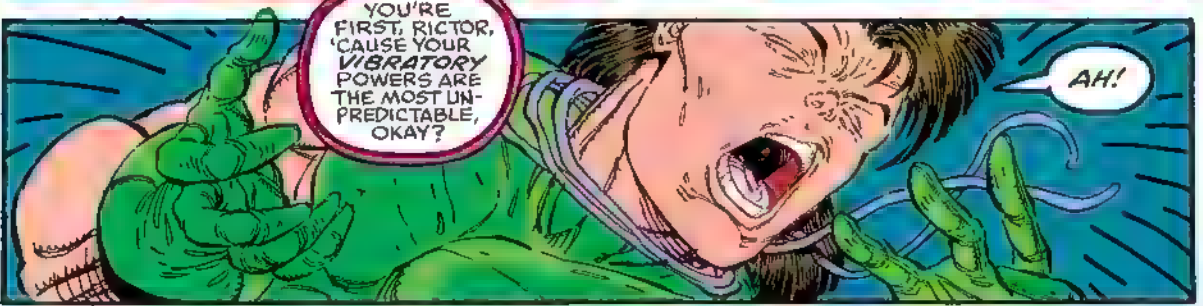
Mr./Mrs. _____
 Miss/Ms. _____
 Address _____ Apt. _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

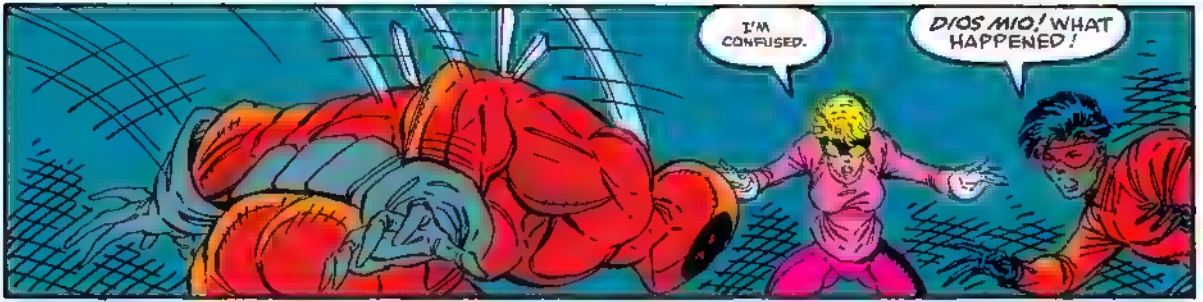
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MCG 2/91

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17512 28





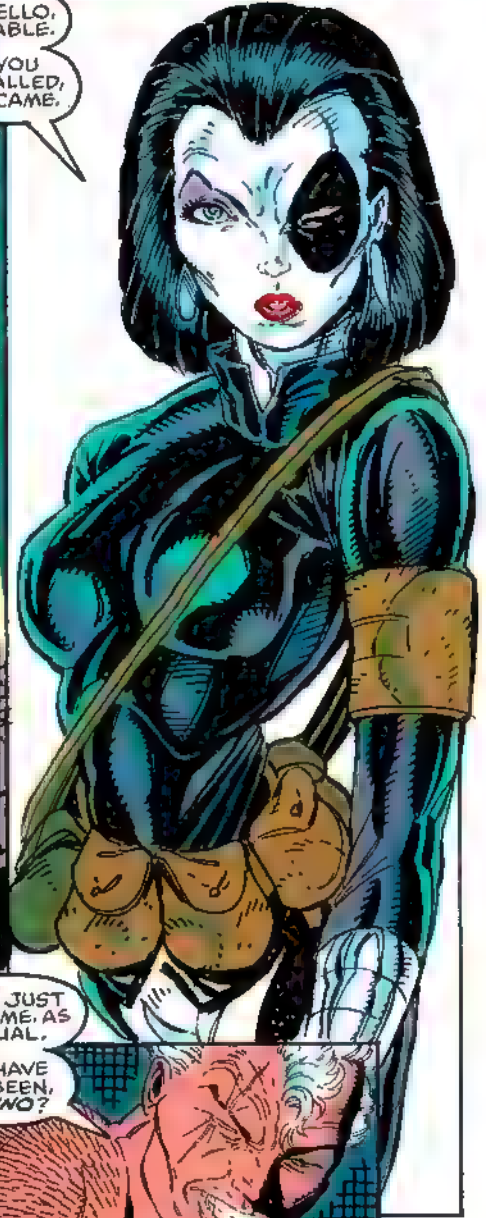
I'M
CONFUSED.

DIOS MIO! WHAT
HAPPENED!



I
HAPPENED.

HELLO,
CABLE.
YOU
CALLED,
I CAME.



AND JUST
IN TIME, AS
USUAL.

HOW HAVE
YOU BEEN,
DOMINO?

I'VE BEEN
AROUND.



AND BACK AGAIN,
IT SEEMS.

HOW'S THIS NEW
BABYSITTING
BUSINESS OF
YOURS GOING?

STAN'S SOAPBOX

Hi, Heroes! Even though Christmas is behind us, big-hearted Marvel still has plenty of goodies in store for you! And here's where your old faithful Soapbox Santa clues you in to two new titles going on sale right now!

You've seen the ads! You've heard the name uttered in whispers! But now it's time to meet the newest, most exotically exciting superstar in the mighty Marvel firmament—the only super hero based on a real-life, flesh-and-blood human being—dazzling, dangerous, deadly—a smoldering, sizzling stick of human dynamite—the one and only NIGHT CAT!

Of course, the cat's manager, Dapper Don Kessler, and I have a somewhat selfish motive for pushing Night Cat's first issue since sneaky artist Denys Cowan actually drew us in as part of the story. Yours truly wrote the script, too, which could possibly change the complexion of the comic book industry for all time to

come! But don't let that discourage you—you can always just look at the pictures!

But hey, that's only half the excitement! Our whole blushin' Bullpen is turned on to



Troma Films' wild and wacky world-famous movie idol, TOXIC AVENGER, the super hero who makes Spider-Man seem like a well-adjusted average guy! In fact, we dig it so much that we made a deal with Lovable Lloyd Kaufman and the Magnanimous Michael Herz, The big-time movie producers who so unselfishly unleashed of Toxie on a defenseless public, a deal to publish his sensationally screwy adventures in our maniacal style!

Be forewarned! Toxie is not your usual hero! In fact, he's not your usual anything. But this you can count on—NIGHT CAT and THE TOXIC AVENGER may turn out to be the most unexpected hits of '91, and, thanks to my legendary generosity, you're the first to hear of them!

Now, till next ish, wherever you go, whatever you do, think Marvel! (Instead of cluttering your mind with non-essentials!) Excelsior!

Stan

It was a rainy day in New York. The kind of day when you could get wet just by walking outside. The man on the corner was selling umbrellas for five dollars each. I could usually talk him down to three. When I got home, I would throw it on the pile with the 300 other umbrellas I've managed to leave at home every time it rains. It seems to rain a lot in New York. Perhaps it's God's way of trying to give the city an acid bath. Perhaps not. That's not for me to say. Me, I'm just another private eye. They call me *Dodge Deadline*. . . Comic Book Detective.

It was a slow day at the office: I was just about to seriously consider calling up that guy on TV who makes the pitch for Apex Technical School. Then he walked in — *Tom DeFalco*, head honcho over at Marvel Comics. He had a problem, and he needed my help. Last month's Bullpen Bulletins Page had disappeared before it had ever seen print. He wanted me to find it. I took the case. Tom took the six-pack.

I headed uptown to the offices of Marvel Comics. If I was going to learn anything about the missing Bullpen Page, this was the place to do it. My first stop was the office of PUNISHER editor *Don Daley*.

Don told me he was exhausted — he was still resting up from the New York Runners Club's Midnight Run. That's a run that's held every year, beginning at exactly twelve midnight on New Year's Day. Don also entered the New York Marathon last year for the first time. It seemed like he'd been doing a lot of running lately. Just what exactly was he running from, anyway? I listed Don as a suspect, and moved on.

I stopped by *Ralph Macchio's* office, and found Ralph's assistant, *Mike Heiser*, still missing after a mysterious three-month absence. Heiser allegedly is taking some time off to do some freelance lettering; something about owing a debt to his uncle. Funny, I didn't know Heiser's uncle was named "Sam". Another potential suspect.

I stopped in to see *Jim Salicrup*, but he was so deliriously happy, he couldn't even

talk to me, *Dodge Deadline*. It seemed one of Jim's freelancers, *Fred Hembeck*, recently had a baby with his lovely wife *Lynn*. The child was born on August 25th, and named *Julie Elizabeth Moss Hembeck*. That's a lot of names for a little kid. In his present state, there was no talking to Salicrup, so I made a mental note to track him down later.

I noticed my mental pen was getting low on mental ink, so I made another mental note to stop by a mental store later and pick up some more.

I headed over to see *Craig Anderson*, Marvel's resident vidiot. Craig gave me the lowdown on the new Silver Surfer home video game from Nintendo, and the Spider-Man home game from Sega-Genesis. Craig added that the Spider-Man hand-held game from Gameboy is also a big, big hit. Craig talked about a potential Spider-Man arcade game, but he seemed to be dodging the real issue. Did Craig know something about the missing Bullpen Page—something he wasn't telling me, *Dodge Deadline*?

Craig threw me a few names—*Jim Starlin*, *George Perez*. I caught them. He said they were working on a project which just might blow the lid off this whole case. But Starlin and Perez were nowhere to be found. Apparently they'd gone into hiding to work on this hush-hush project. All I found about this mystery project was that it involved a dangerous customer by the name of Thanos. . . as well as almost everybody in the Marvel Universe. Clearly I was on to something big. . . but that wasn't the case I was working on. I'd have to come back to that some other day; I still hadn't found that Bullpen Page.

Assistant Editor *Chris Cooper* walked by me, *Dodge Deadline*, in the hall. I overheard him tell fellow assistant, *Len Kaminsky* he's never been mentioned in the Bullpen Page before. Len said that made two of them. Hmm—that gives them both motives, but very flimsy ones.

I started snooping around *Bob Budiansky's* office. But Bob wasn't talking. Neither was his assistant, *Tom Brevoort*.

All I could get out of them was that they're doing a newsstand reprint of the four-issue DEATHLOK Limited Series, and working on the 1991 Marvel trading cards.

That was all well and good, but it didn't solve my case. I paid a visit to Epic Editor *Marcus McLaunn*, who was happy as a clam about the fourth anniversary of the Comic Illustrators Guild at the Pratt School of Art and Design. It seems Marcus formed the club while in his senior year at the school, to pave the way for future generations of artists to get away with drawing comics in class.

He's one sharp cucumber, that Marcus, but no Bullpen Page-napper. Next I noticed his assistant, *Marie Javins*. Marie's wall is decorated with drawings of cows by some of the biggest names in comics. But Marie threatened to take down her Wall of Bountiful Bovines if she received no new submissions soon. Would Marie's wall come tumbling down? Unfortunately, I couldn't stick around to find out.

I could've pumped people at Marvel for answers all day, but I was cruising in the fast lane to nowhere. Everyone was a potential suspect. I decided I would switch tactics.

I charmed my way into Marvel's master computer file. If there was any trace left of the Bullpen Page, I knew I would find it here. I punched up the file, and there it was—the December Bullpen Page. It was just full of all kinds of incriminating evidence about the Marvel staff. If this thing ever saw print, it would destroy several careers, a couple marriages, and the noon trade at Slappy Sam's Eat 'n' Run. No wonder someone tried to suppress it. This thing was hotter than a jalapeno pepper in a sauna.

I decided to take the disc to DeFalco. If anyone knew I had this disc, I could start etching my own epitaph. Just then, I felt the cold steel of the barrel of a .45 press against the back of my neck. . .

IS THIS THE END OF DODGE DEADLINE? YOU WISH.



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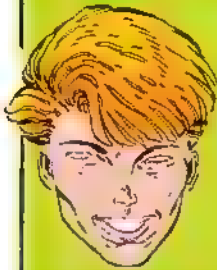
BY THE WAY, WHAT'D YOU DO WITH THE CHUMP?

DEADPOOL? OH... BOUND, GAGGED AND... MAILED... BACK TO TOLLIVER.

MAILED?

FEDERAL EXPRESS.

LET ME RUN THROUGH THE LIST OF WHAT LITTLE IS AVAILABLE FOR US...



RUSTY COLLINS. ALIGNED WITH THE MUTANT LIBERATION FRONT. TOO DIFFICULT TO LIBERATE RIGHT NOW.

RUSTY COLLINS
CODENAME: NONE
MUTATION: PYROKINETIC
LOCATION: UNKNOWN



WHO'S THAT ONE?

SKIDS BLEVINS. ALSO WITH THE MLF. PRETTY USELESS POWER IN BATTLE.

SKIDS BLEVINS
CODENAME: NONE
MUTATION: PROJECTS
FRICTIONLESS
FORCE FIELD
LOCATION: UNKNOWN



XIAN COY MANH. KARMA. NOT A TEAM PLAYER. SHE HAS HER OWN AGENDA ANYWAY.

XIAN COY MANH
CODENAME: KARMA
THAT'S A SHAME. TELEPATHS COME IN HANDY.



THE NEXT ONE'S MAGMA, RIGHT?

YUP. AMARA AQUILLA. SHE'S HOLED UP IN NOVA ROMA, THE JUNGLE CIVILIZATION. POWERFUL, BUT SHE'S NOT WORTH THE EFFORT.

MUTATION: MAGMA
LOCATION: BRAZIL

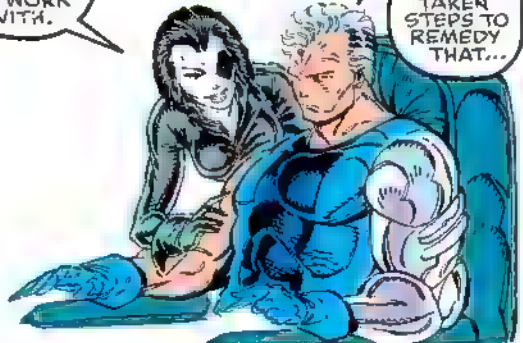


LAST UP IS DANIELLE MOONSTAR. MIRAGE. SHE BECAME A VALKYRIE AND STAYED IN ASGARD.

EXCUSE ME?

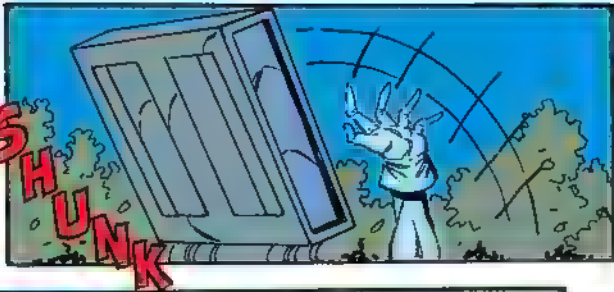
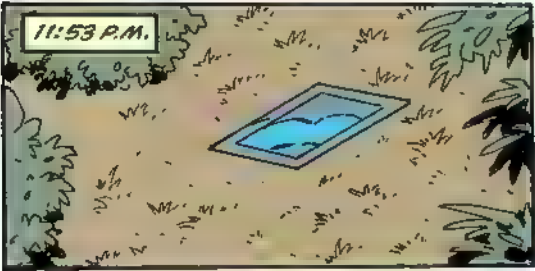
FORGET ABOUT IT, FORGET ABOUT HER.
DANIELLE MOONSTAR
CODENAME: MIRAGE
MUTATION: PROJECTIVE
TELEPATH
LOCATION: EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL

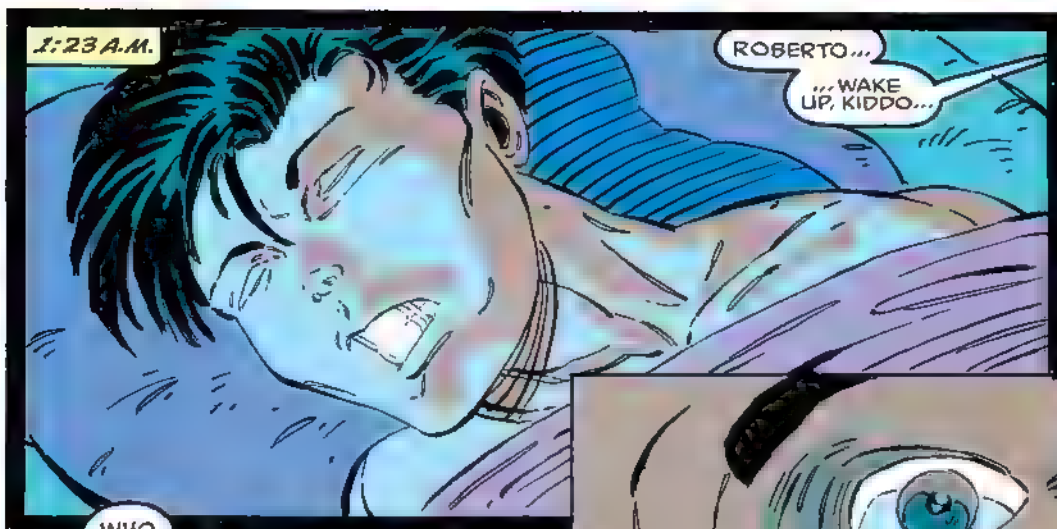
NOT MUCH TO WORK WITH.



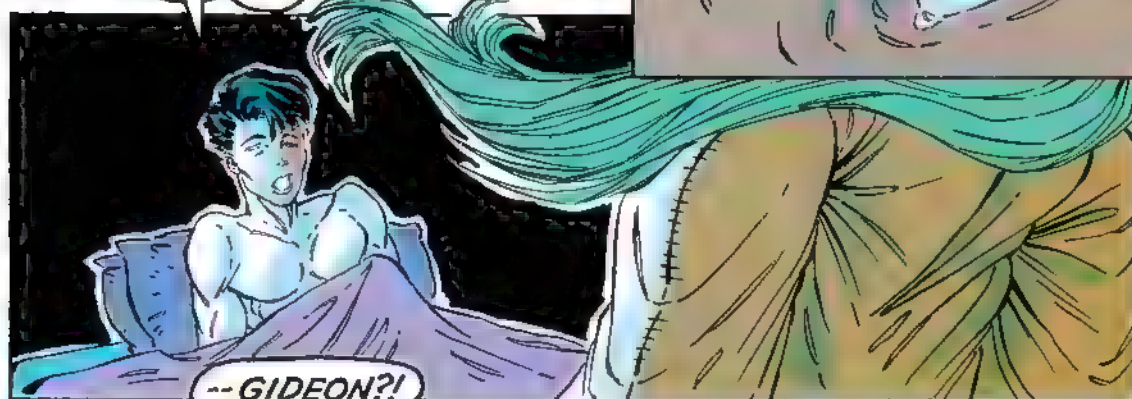
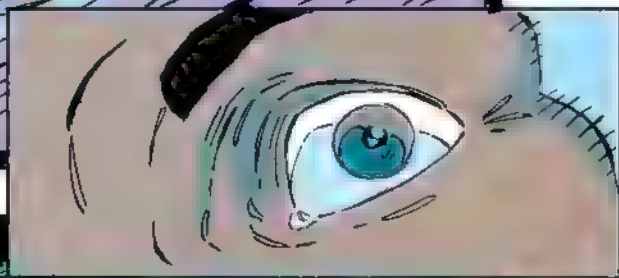
I KNOW.

I'VE ALREADY TAKEN STEPS TO REMEDY THAT...





WHO IS--
QUE--?



WHAT ARE YOU DOING
HERE? HOW DID YOU
FIND ME? HOW DID YOU
GET IN THROUGH OUR
DEFENSE SYSTEM?



...HE'S DEAD,
'BERTO..



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